

turn pork-butcher or greengrocer he says his name isn't Peter Beefeater. It's the money he wants, he says: and so for "the business," he was "brought up to it," and it's a good one—at least as good's is going; and *Art*—pooh! mere bagatelle—nonsense,—they don't know what they mean, these fellows—at least I don't—and I don't care;—give me the thing that pays! (Although, to tell the truth, this is only when Beefeater is angry—very angry, or very waggish, and then of course he exaggerates himself a little—Beefeater out-beefeaten as it were; he's not so bad a fellow at other times.) *Art* indeed! I suppose they mean picture sort of thing: wouldn't give five pound for all the pictures in the world. Can't get dividends off pictures—Eh?

Now, Beefeater, thou man of a gastric soul! do I blame thee? No; thou art right.

Dreamer; do I blame thee? No; thou too art right.

Ha! Paradoxical; whither away so fast? How is this?—We merely see two estimates of the world here,—two among thousands. The one hero of ours has his pleasures in being "rich and increased in goods and in need of nothing," a dignitary, a great man and "looked up to;" he dreams at times also, during his nap after dinner, of a great gilt coach—and men in armour—and Gog and Magog—and proclamations by one "BEFEATER, Mayor"—and many other things wonderful to see: and thus he displays a theory of Life—an estimate of the world. Our other takes no pleasure in such things; but rather loves to rise alone into a high ethereal region where, among exquisite and subtle things, he finds a joy of rare refinement. And thus he forms another theory of Life—another estimate of the world. Beefeater thinks it a very fine thing to be an Alderman, and to sign proclamations: the Dreamer thinks all this must be but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" at the best; and that it is a fine thing to sit alone and think of a thing called *Art*. And I have said that both are right: and it seems a paradox; for every one knows that the Beefeater theory is the orthodox one. With modifications here and there, it is the doctrine of mankind and womankind at large. Twelve good men and true would not hesitate a moment to pronounce upon their oath that Beefeater, all snoozing in snug bed at midnight in cold March, is by far a happier and wiser man than the poor visionary zealot with his *Art* forsooth! And they would snap their fingers as they said it, too.

But, alack and a-day! even juries sometimes err: "to err is human." And, in our present case, the maxims of the multitude are utterly at fault. Beefeater is not necessarily the wiser happier man.

There are two Worlds, two among a myriad. Beefeater is in the one; it is a Common-sense World; the Dreamer is in the other; it is an *Art* World. Each has its all-essentials and its own-essentials; and it happens that the two standards are not the same, indeed widely different. The pleasures and pains of the one are not at all the pleasures and pains of the other. But it does not therefore follow, that this one is false and that that one is true. Nor does it now altogether appear which is really the dreamer.

I have said that both are right. Neither is really true. If we judged truly of the world, all men would value all things justly, and therefore equally. But our *Maxims* hath not made us so. In every thing that which one counts all another counts nothing. We all form estimates intrinsically false in some respect; and, error producing failure, we all get thereby our respective shares of knocks and buffets in life; but some form estimates more false than others, inconsistently false, absurdly false; and Earth's machinery bewilders them, prostrates them, beats them to death perhaps. Wherefore the less false, the commonly false, I call, comparatively, true. And both the theories before us now are so. The All of the Dreamer will not apply to the real world; but it applies to his World, for he lives *altogether* in an ideal World, he is self-contained, he thinks not of other men—of the real world—at all. (And if your reader feel inclined to say—There are no such, you, Sir, and I know better! Beefeater applies his All to the real world, and there he finds himself in such an excellent majority that he can afford to laugh at other doctrines as *visionary*, can Beefeater. Thus both our heroes are (as

the world goes) happy in their different opinions; and, therefore, both are right. But—here's the rub—there are men half Beefeater, half Dreamer, who live not *altogether* in an *Art*-World, but sufficiently so and in such manner (as it happens) as to apply their *Art*-estimate to the real world; and, finding it scouted, they *hate* the world; and these men are *fools*. Too many of Earth's brightest men are so. They open up their souls, as I have said, to a factitious misery; no pain can be more keen than that (though utterly a false one) which springs from a man building upon a false estimate of Life a horrible misanthropy. And hence, by the commonness of this, the intolerable conceit—contempt for every one who is not Artist, and, in another view, for every one who, being so, is not so to his mind exactly, which, to a proverb, is a feature in the common notion of a votary of *Art*. It is not the love of *Art* that makes a man this fool.

It is a false doctrine that the artist is a *visionary*. The Common-sense man is equally a visionary; only he happens to have the great majority—the earthy multitude—upon his side. Each has *his own world*, with its own peculiar desirables, its own All; and that is the reality—the philosophy of the matter. Both are visionaries, if you will. The *Art*-World is no more a false thing than the Common-sense World. The joy of having painted a good picture, and of looking on it, is not necessarily more false than the joy of being made a lord, and of looking on the coronet, or the joy of having done some great deed and of feeling the reward. We are not to decide the matter by a vote.

Thus it is that I was able to affirm, that when to the question—What is the chief end of man?—the answer, Architecture—or, say at present, *Art*—is returned, there are two senses in the answer, a right and a wrong. The right is when a pure *Art*-World is formed; the wrong when the *Art*-World and the Common-Sense World (which the jury decided to be the *real*) are confounded together. So that if you have waded with me through all this philosophy, you will be able to see perhaps the more clearly the true standing of *Art*; in fact, that he who gives it *supremacy* is not a fool therefore, although it is only in an *ideal* World that such supremacy exists; that he only is the fool who would maintain or expect that supremacy in the world of Common-sense.

And thus also it is that to him who forms a proper *Art* World, the over estimate of *Art* is the Love which is the Soul of Life; and that to him who does not so properly, the over estimate of art is frequently but a source of torment and hate.

That which you count all you must permit others to count nothing. And thus perhaps a little of the *evil conceit* which throws so much of pain into many an Artist's life may now be undermined. He who is an Artist, and is troubled because other men are so dead, and dull, and earthy, is tormenting himself with huggarees, confounding the *Art*-World with the real,—he is foolish; and if he have pain thereby it is a false pain, a pain gratuitously, unnecessarily incurred, although unfortunately, none the less on that account severe. Your grumbler is a grumbler because he forms a misconception of the world.

But the Artist need not be *always* in the clouds. There are many who are so—Dreamers; but there are many who are not so. They value *Art* as supreme in the *Art*-World, but subordinate in the real world; and thus they are right, just as our Beefeater and our Dreamer were right, because they preserve *unity* in their estimate of the world. The Alderman had no *Art*-World; the Dreamer no Common-sense World; our new Artist inhabits both the one and the other—but he keeps them separate. And certainly it happens, in our age at least, that Artists generally are alive to both the *Art*-World and that which I have called the Common-sense World—the World of Ambition, Fame, solid comfort, and wives and children. I do not counsel the Dreamer not to bring his *Art* into the real world, for he never comes down to it. Nor do I counsel Beefeater to leave his pelf below; for he never ascends, worthy man! he would explode if he got into so rarified a medium. But I counsel him who would live in both Worlds, that he properly contradistinguish the one and the other. The error of the man who,

in his foolish conceit (how common it is!) gives his soul incessant trouble through his estimate of *Art* lies, not in giving antagonists their due, but in confounding them together in a hybrid. Kilkenny cats must be kept asunder.

Now, Sir, all this may seem insufferably dull and metaphysical. Forgive me for once, and I won't do it again (if I can help it). But surely it cannot be useless to the true Artist, to show him that the standard is not a real one by which he is advised to put genius under bands and bars, and shun all "dreamy notions" as mere foolishness; to show him how it is—and how, justly,—that his soul refuses to be cramped by *prudence*—rules of common sense, although he cannot contradict their seeming value; to expose to him the reason why he so rebels instinctively against the maxims which he instinctively allows; and surely it cannot be useless either to put a beacon on the rock which has wrecked so many, to show him who is in danger the way he may avoid the evil thing which has so fatally crept in to blast the happiness and sour the spirit of many, many a brother. Men speak of artists as monomaniacs. They are not necessarily so.

Sir, these sketches of mine may seem disjointed and unfinished. They are partly so by necessity, being hasty; and partly purposely, that I may not merely think for others, but lead others to think for themselves. The old lady to whom the wag lent the dictionary to read, is said to have reported that she had read the book through, and doubtless it was a good and a sensible book, but there seemed to be a sad want of connection in it. Nevertheless I hold it as certain, that the good dame had much advanced, albeit unconsciously, in the knowledge of the subject-matter: for every thing has its effect; and, depend upon it, she did not read the dictionary without its leaving an impression. Just so let it be with this: every idea, however isolated, is the offspring of a certain *system of thought*, a *ruling notion*; and it is that system of thought, that notion, in the abstract, which I would fain convey.

London.

R.

STAINED GLASS, ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

Sir,—In this, my reply to Mr. Mayhew's letter of the 28th instant, I will occupy your valuable space as briefly as possible. The question in my mind is of much more importance than will at first superficially seem to the many. It is therefore made to appear, that my former letter was intended as personal, than which nothing could be further from my intention. My object is truth and consistency in art, and had the window in question have been of a character in unison with the church, not one word would you have heard from me upon the subject.

London especially abounds with Italian churches of the class of St. James's, and this window is a most dangerous example, and which must give a tone to, and influence the designs of other artists in connection with them, sanctioned, as it is presumed to be, by fifty noblemen and gentlemen, unless as publicly protested against as an example. What a position, therefore, does this inconsiderateness place artists in, whose individual voices would be as nothing against such an undisturbed authority.

Sir, this is not a question between A and B or A and C; it is a question of public taste and propriety in the decoration of our Italian buildings; a question, in short, of whether these buildings are to be rendered into Gothic—and it is simply for this reason that I have pronounced this work a solecism and a discrepancy, although I could have wished that the task had fallen into other hands.

Nevertheless, however I may have been misunderstood to the contrary, I do not hold the artist blameable for this mistake, far he plainly and candidly stated at the outset thus, "having devoted himself and his workmen exclusively to the production of glass adapted to gothic structures, he hardly considered himself a proper person to execute a window for a church in the modern (meaning St. James's) style," from which I have a right to infer, that in his statement which follows, he was conscious of the doubtful propriety of advising Norman, excepting from the impracticability of any other, which assumption is an error. Mr.